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TM



DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!





DO YOU
KNOW
ME?



I'M *DAREDEVIL*. A *CRIMEFIGHTER*.
PRETTY GOOD ONE, IF I DO SAY SO
MYSELF.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY,
I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE
EYES AND *BLINDED* BY A
RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE.



THE
RADIATION
MUTATED MY
NERVE CENTERS,
AMPLIFYING MY
REMAINING SENSES
TO *SUPER-
HUMAN*
LEVELS.

IN OTHER
WORDS, I CAN
SMELL, HEAR,
AND *TASTE* BETTER
THAN ANYONE ELSE
IN THE WHOLE
WORLD. EVEN
THOUGH I
CAN'T SEE.

I EVEN HAVE
A BUILT-IN *RADAR*
THAT LETS ME KNOW
WHERE THINGS ARE
AROUND ME WHEN
MY OTHER SENSES
DON'T.



OF COURSE, I'M NOT *DD* ALL THE
TIME. CRIMEFIGHTING ALONE WON'T
PAY THE BILLS.

LAWYERING WILL, THOUGH.

SO, BY DAY, I'M *MATT MURDOCK*,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.



BET YOU'RE
WONDERING WHY
I'M TELLING YOU
ALL THIS.

WELL, IT'S
BECAUSE THE
NARRATOR OF
THIS MONTH'S
ADVENTURE
IS *FOGGY
NELSON*--MATT
MURDOCK'S
PARTNER...

...AND HE
DOESN'T *KNOW*
I'M *DAREDEVIL*.



SO PLEASE--
PLEASE--

--DON'T
TELL HIM.

I'M WORKING LATE ON A STACK OF RED-HOT DEPOSITIONS WHEN THE SCENT OF TWO-HUNDRED-DOLLARS-AN-OUNCE *PERFUME* SNEAKS INTO MY NOSTRILS. I LOOK UP...

...AND THERE SHE IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY LIKE A DEER CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS OF AN ONRUSHING U-HAUL.

SHE'S HEATHER GLENN-- MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL.

FOGGY?

"FOGGY"-- THAT'S ME. FRANKLIN NELSON, ATTORNEY.

WHAT'S *WRONG*, HEATHER?

YOU AND MATT ON THE *OUTS* AGAIN?

NOT SINCE WEDNESDAY.

NO, I WAS JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THOUGHT I'D...

OH, WHAT'S THE *USE*...

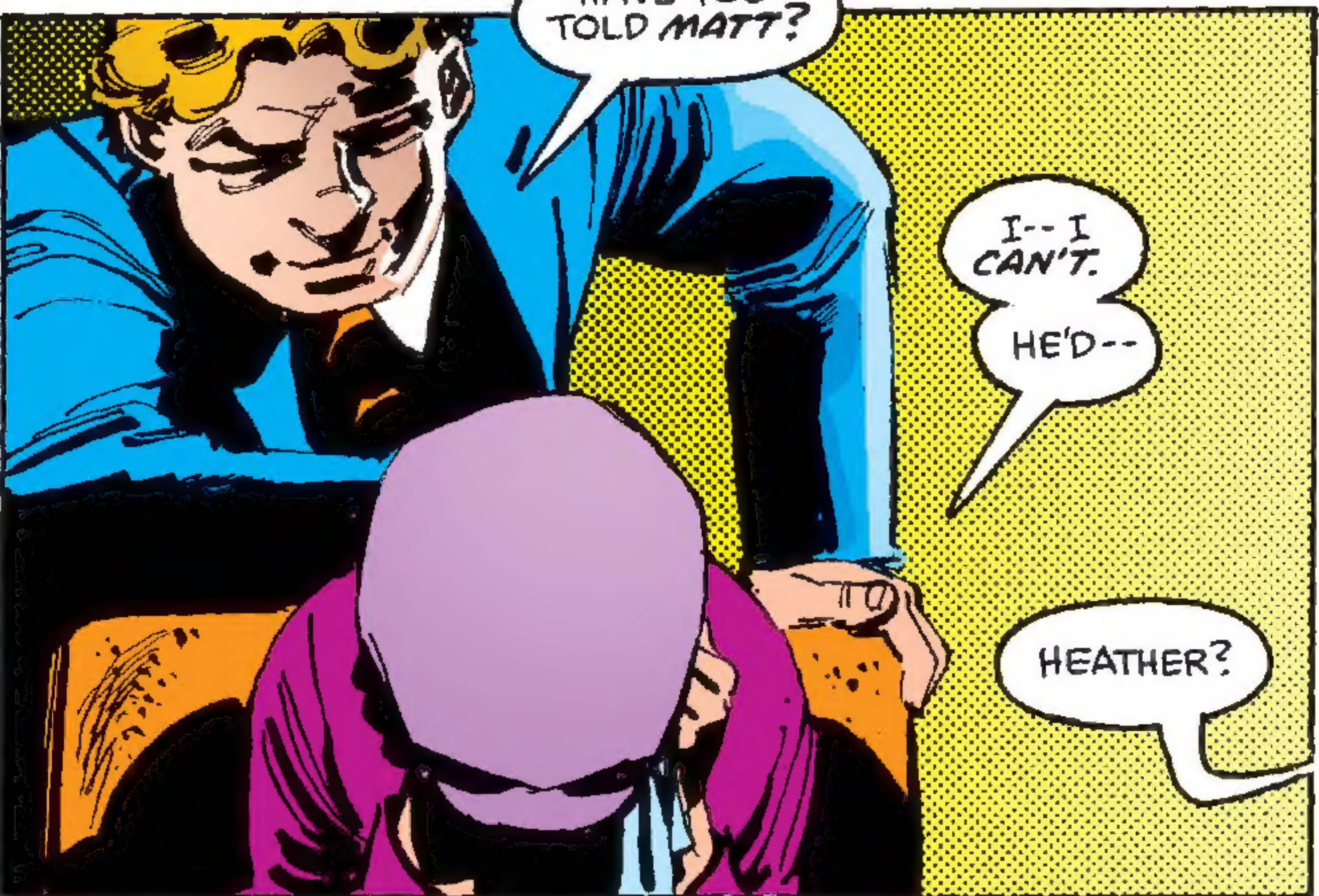
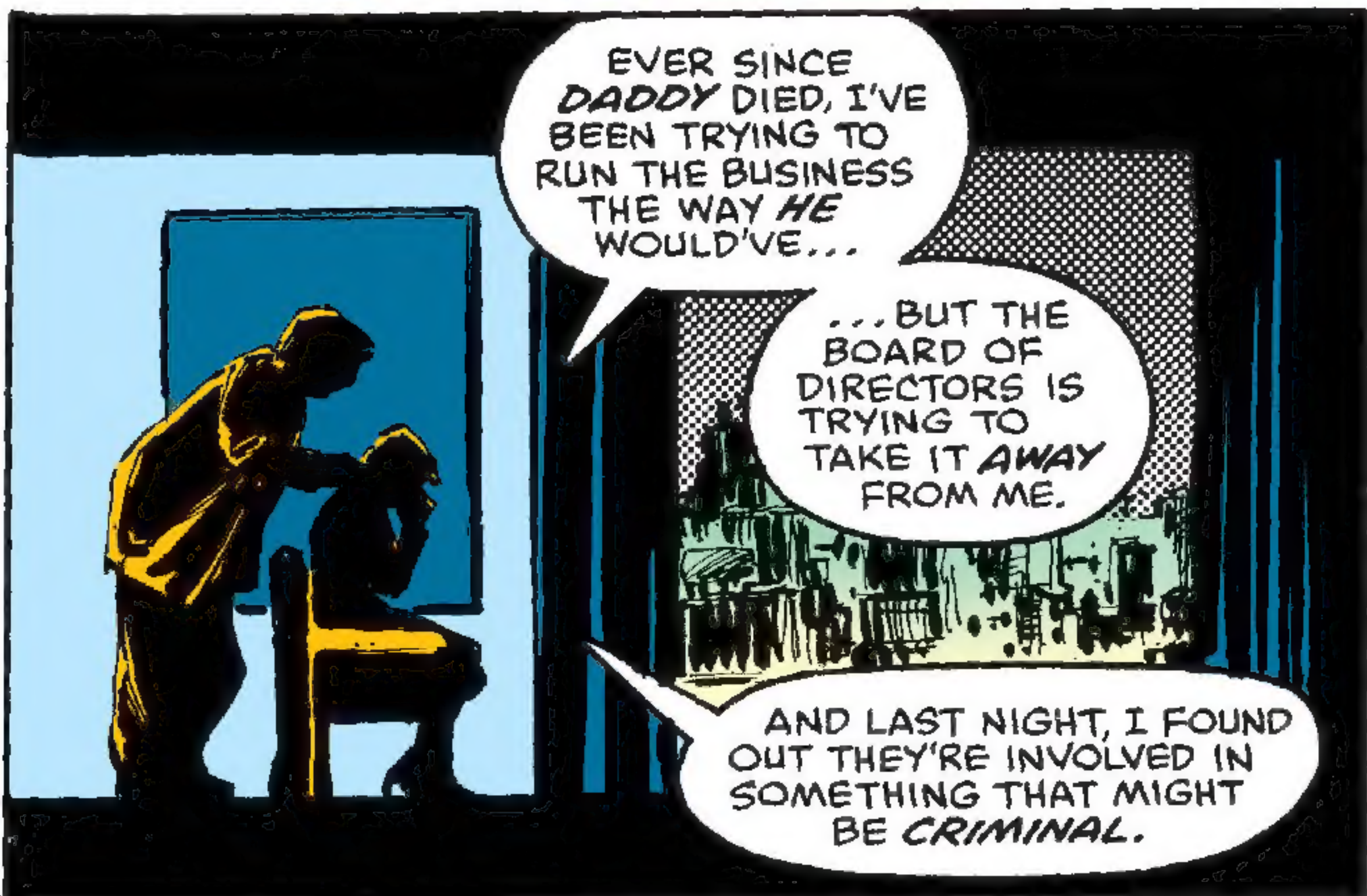
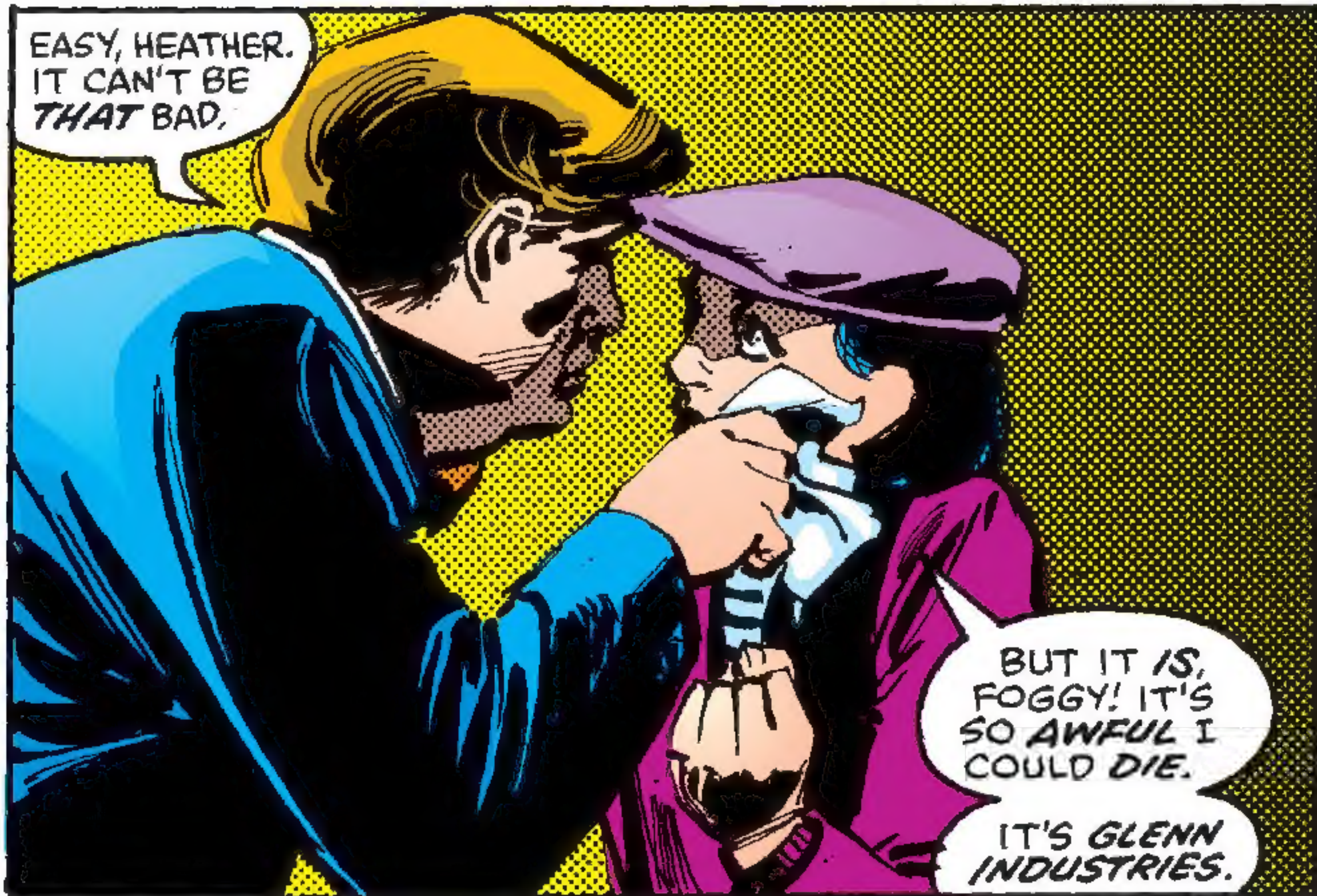
I'M IN TROUBLE, FOGGY. *DEEP* TROUBLE.

AND YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO CAN *HELP* ME.

Stan Lee PRESENTS

GUTS

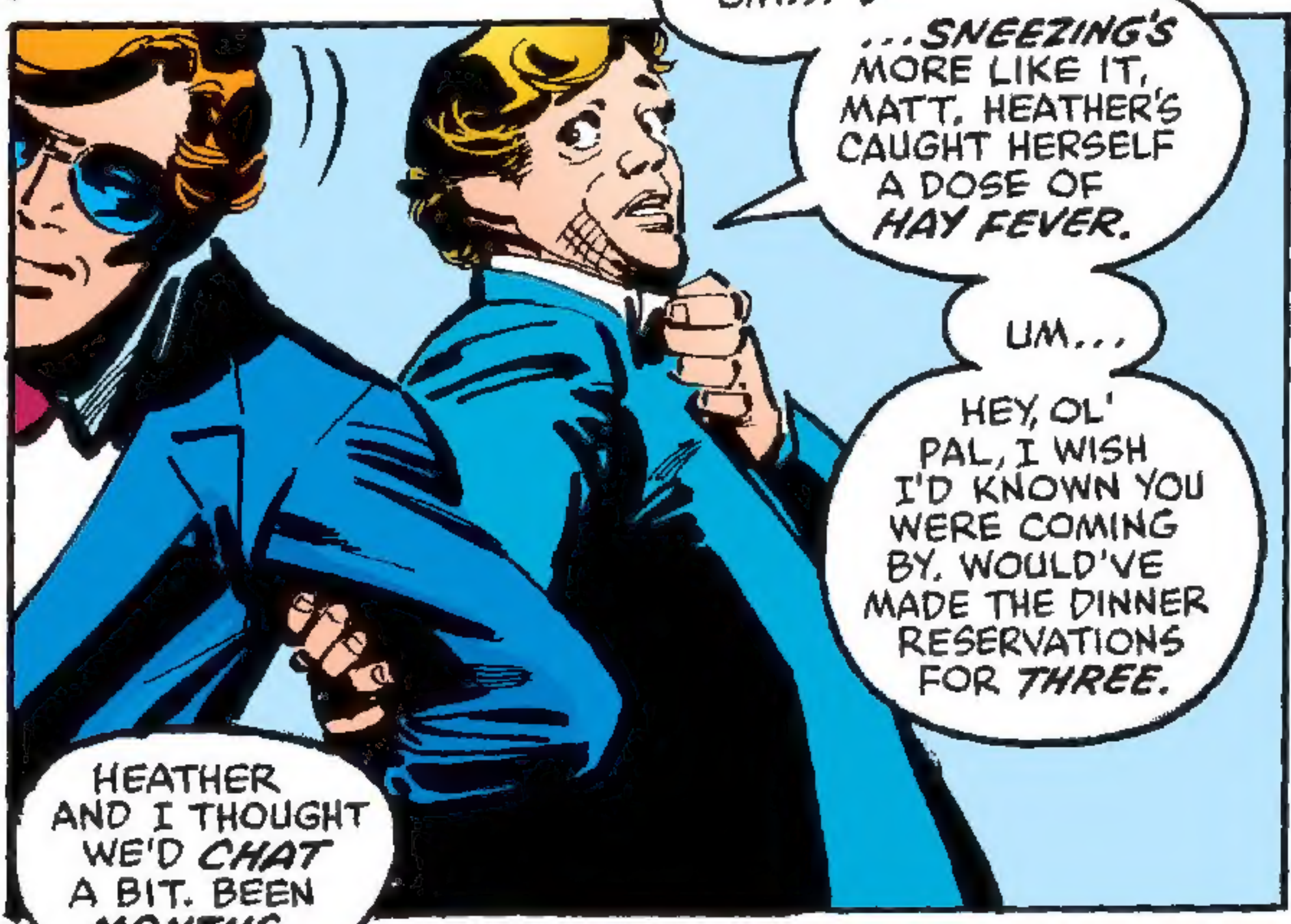
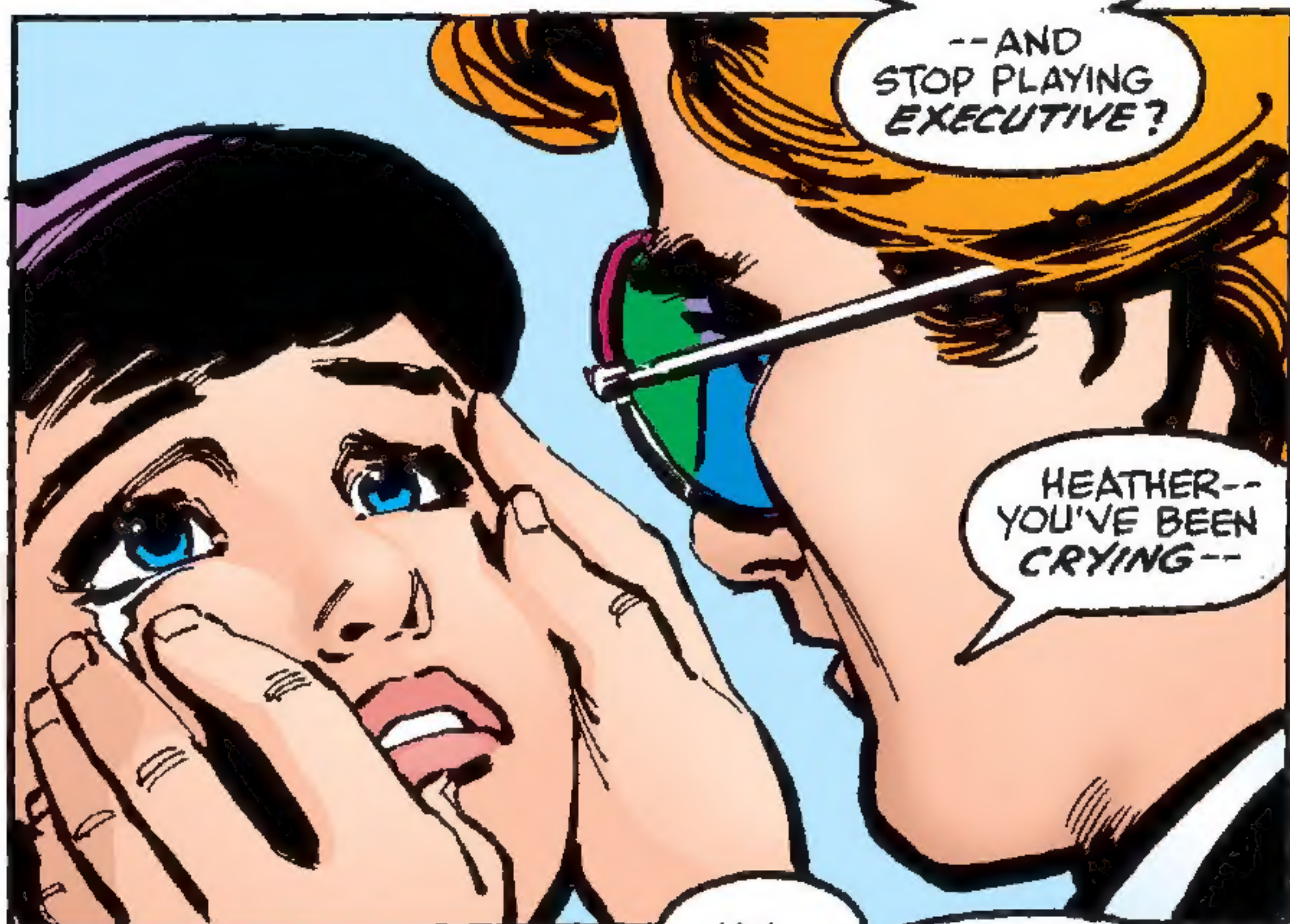
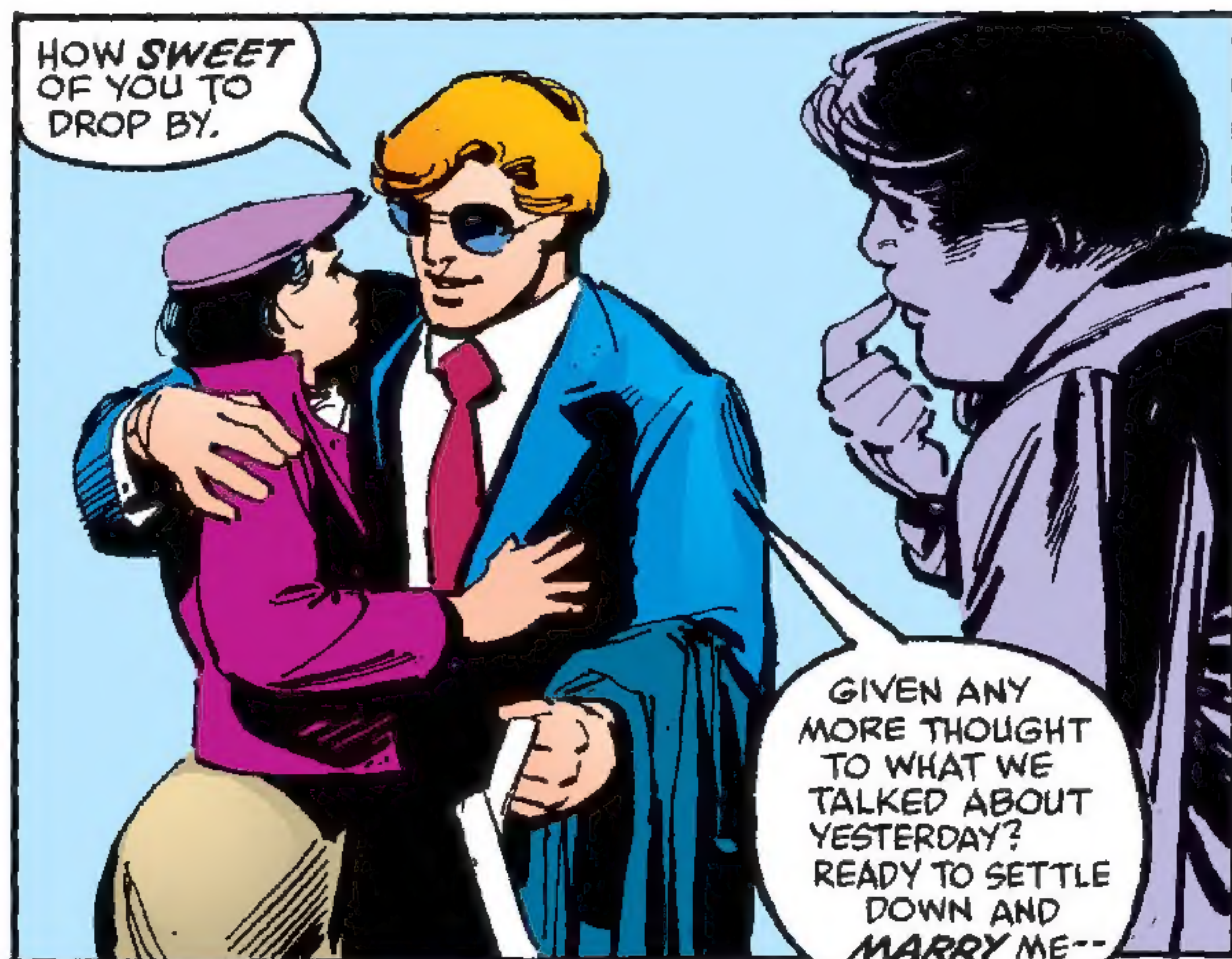
MILLER SCRIPTER + STORYTELLER
JANSON PENCILER + INKER + COLORIST
ROSEN LETTERS
O'NEIL EDITOR
SHOOTER SUPERVISOR



IT'S MATT MURDOCK-- MY PARTNER AND BEST BUDDY. A GREAT GUY. BUT A LITTLE STRANGE SOMETIMES.

LIKE RIGHT NOW. SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY HE STANDS THERE MAKES ME THINK HE KNOWS EVERYTHING HEATHER JUST TOLD ME, EVEN THOUGH HE COULDN'T HAVE.

NOBODY'S GOT EARS LIKE THAT.



IT TAKES TWENTY MINUTES LONGER THAN USUAL TO CAB IT ACROSS TOWN.

BUT *GRIDLOCK* IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE STALL WE GET AT *GLENN INDUSTRIES*...

...THE PROPER MAINTENANCE OF SO MANY ACCOUNTS REQUIRES UTMOST CARE AND DELICACY-- AND EVEN A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SECRECY...

...SOME OF OUR MORE PROFITABLE CLIENTS MAY JUSTIFIABLY REQUIRE ANONYMITY, SO THAT THEY MAY INSURE--

JUST TELL ME WHY WE'RE MAKING *BOMBS*, MR. SPINDLE.

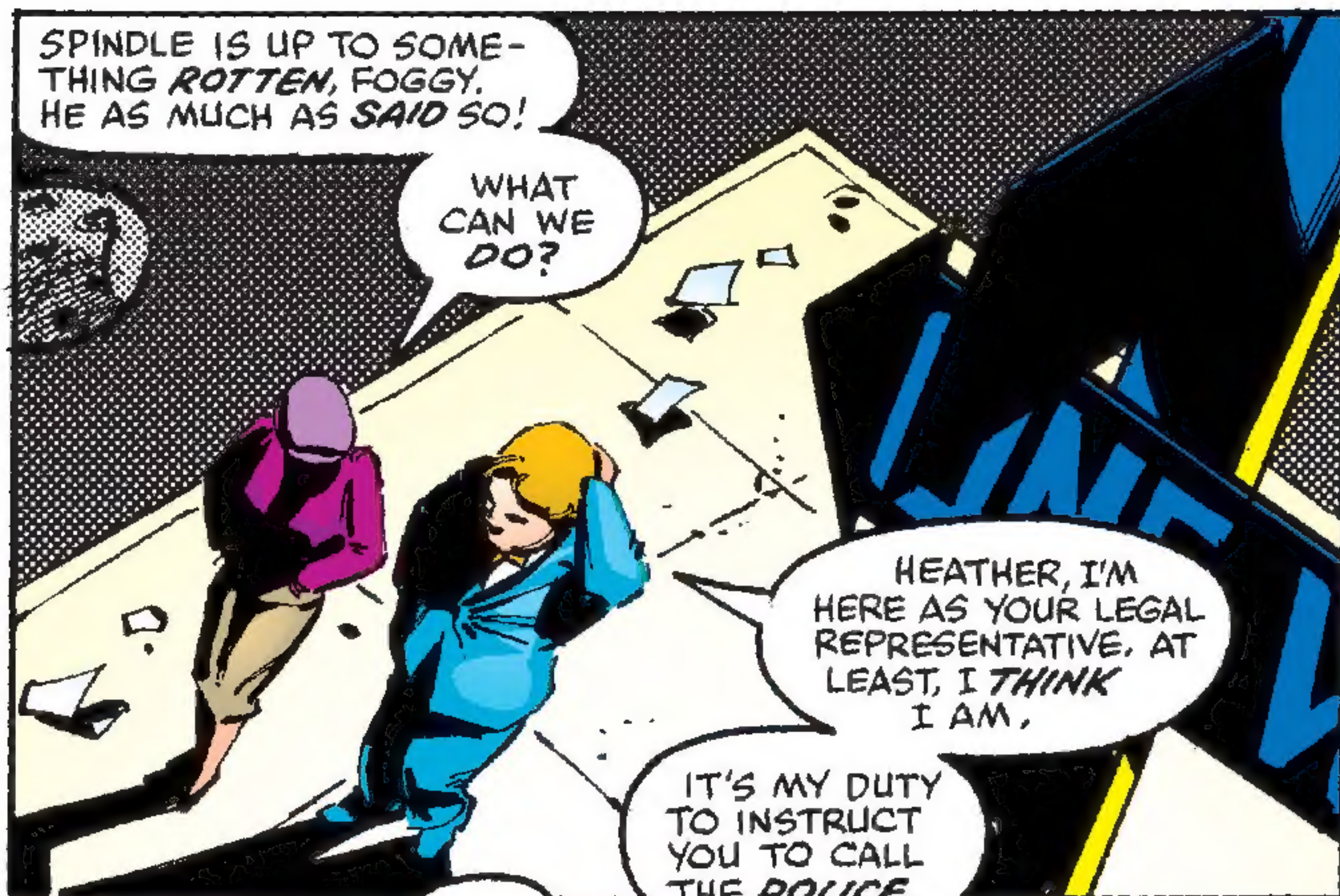
AND WHO FOR.

MAY I SUGGEST, MY DEAR SWEET LITTLE GIRL, THAT THE APPROPRIATE TIME TO EXPRESS DOUBTS OR OBJECTIONS TO THIS EXCHANGE--

--WAS *BEFORE* YOU SIGNED THIS PURCHASE ORDER?

IF GLENN INDUSTRIES IS INVOLVED IN ANY QUESTIONABLE ENTERPRISE-- AND YOUR ATTORNEY MAY NOTE THAT I AM NOT SAYING THAT SUCH IS THE *CASE*--

-- THEN, YOU ARE INVOLVED IN THAT HYPOTHETICAL ENTERPRISE AS DEEPLY AS WE ARE.



SPINDLE IS UP TO SOME-
THING *ROTTEN*, FOGGY.
HE AS MUCH AS SAID SO!

WHAT
CAN WE
DO?

HEATHER, I'M
HERE AS YOUR LEGAL
REPRESENTATIVE. AT
LEAST, I *THINK*
I AM.

IT'S MY DUTY
TO INSTRUCT
YOU TO CALL
THE *POLICE*.

NO!

MY FATHER PUT HIS
WHOLE *LIFE* INTO THE
BUSINESS. I'VE GOT TO
MAKE ALL THIS COME
OUT *OKAY*. I *WON'T*
GO TO THE POLICE--

--AND I CAN'T GO
TO *MATT*, EITHER. HE'D
JUST TELL ME TO GIVE
IT UP. HE DOESN'T
KNOW HOW MUCH THIS
MEANS TO ME.

I-- I GUESS I'LL
JUST HAVE TO
INVESTIGATE THIS
MYSELF.

SORRY,
HEATHER.
THAT WON'T
WORK, EITHER.

SPINDLE IS
PROBABLY
HAVING YOU
FOLLOWED.

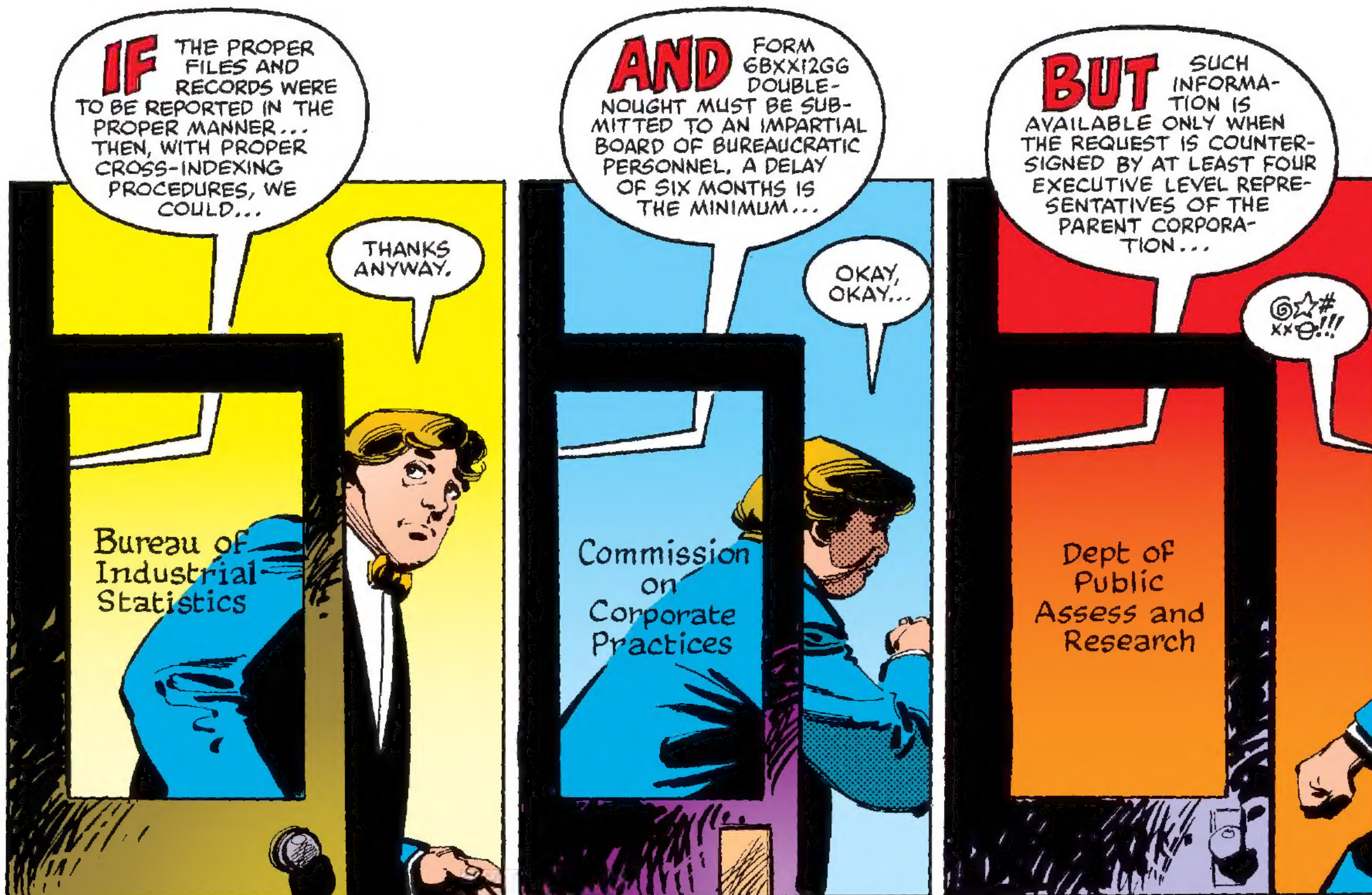
NO.
YOU GO
STRAIGHT
HOME.

THERE ARE
GOVERNMENT
AGENCIES, COM-
MISSIONS, THAT
CAN TELL US WHAT
WE NEED TO KNOW.
I'LL GO TO
THEM.

AND I MAY
RUN INTO A FOOT
OR TWO OF *RED*
TAPE, BUT I'LL
GET TO THE
BOTTOM
OF THIS--

-- NO *IFS*
ANDS, OR
BUTS!





DID I SAY A *FOOT* OF RED TAPE?
MAKE THAT A *MILE*.



A LONG, *TWISTED* MILE THAT LEADS ME *NOWHERE*.

SO THE STRAIGHT-
AND-NARROW
APPROACH GETS
ME *ZIP*.

I'M NOT FINISHED.

NOT NEARLY.



AS NIGHT ENSHROUDS MAN-
HATTAN LIKE A *PUP TENT*,
I STALK THE DARKEST
CORNERS OF THE NEW YORK
UNDERWORLD.

I AM A *HUNTER*.

THE CITY IS MY *JUNGLE*.

MY QUARRY WILL *NOT*
ELUDE ME.



I HIT THE *BARS*. I HIT THE *DOCKS*. I SCOUR EVERY *FLOP HOUSE* AND *POOL HALL*. I POP THE HEAD OFF EVERY FESTERING PIMPLE ON THE SPOTTED UNDERBELLY OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

I HANG *TOUGH*.

NUNNA YER *BIZNISS*.

OKAY.

SOONER OR LATER, I KNOW I'LL GET *LUCKY*. OF COURSE, IT TAKES MORE THAN *LUCK* TO GET YOUR WAY IN THE BIG TOWN.

IT TAKES *BRAINS*. IT TAKES *GUTS*. IT TAKES *SAVVY*...

GIDDADDAHEAH.

OKAY.

LIKE I SAID, IT'S A *JUNGLE*-- AND IT'S GOT *ANIMALS* ALL ITS OWN. AND TO DEAL WITH *ANIMALS*, YOU GOTTA *BE* AN *ANIMAL*.

YOU GOTTA BARE YOUR *FANGS* AND *GROWL* AND LET THEM KNOW THAT THEY'RE JUST *JACKALS* AND YOU'RE A *TIGER*...

SURE, I'LL TALK. BUT IT'LL COST YA *FIFTY*.

OKAY.

NAH-- A *HUNNERT*.

OKAY.

BUT MOSTLY, YOU GOTTA KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS WIDE OPEN FOR THE SMALLEST *CLUE*--OR THE FIRST HINT OF *DANGER*...

THEM THERE *BOMBS* IS GONNA BE *YOOSED* IN A BIG *HEIST*. *REAL BIG*--

--HEY--YER *SHOE'S* UNTIED.

BUT I'M WEARING *LOAF*--

WOPPP

--FFERSSS

SUCKERED!

I FLOAT IN A SILENCE
QUIETER THAN AN
EMPTY ASTRODOME...
A DARKNESS BLACKER
THAN A HERSHEY BAR.

THEN MY HEAD
IS POUNDING
WITH DULL PAIN
AND I'M AWAKE...

AW, C'MON,
MISTER
SLAUGHTER--
LEMME JOIN
THE GANG
AGAIN. I'LL
DO *GOOD*
THIS TIME.

QUIET,
TURK.

OUR GUEST
IS COMING
AROUND.

I'M WAIST DEEP IN
HOT CHICKEN SOUP
THESE GUYS *HAVE*
TO BE HOODS.

GOTTA THINK *FAST*.

UM...

THE NAME'S
NELSON.
"*GUTS*"
NELSON.

UM...

I UNDERSTAND
YOU'RE INTO
BOMBS. I
WANT *IN*, SEE?

KILL HIM.

MISTER
SLAUGHTER--
ABOUT THAT
JOB--

SHUT UP,
TURK.

NUTS. BRING HIM ALLA
WAYS CROSS TOWN,
JUST TA SNUFF
HIM HERE.

AND SKINNY DIS
GUY *AIN'T*.

HEY-- WHAT'S
WID DA *LIGHTS*?

A LUCKY BREAK.
SOMETIMES, THAT'S
ALL YOU NEED.

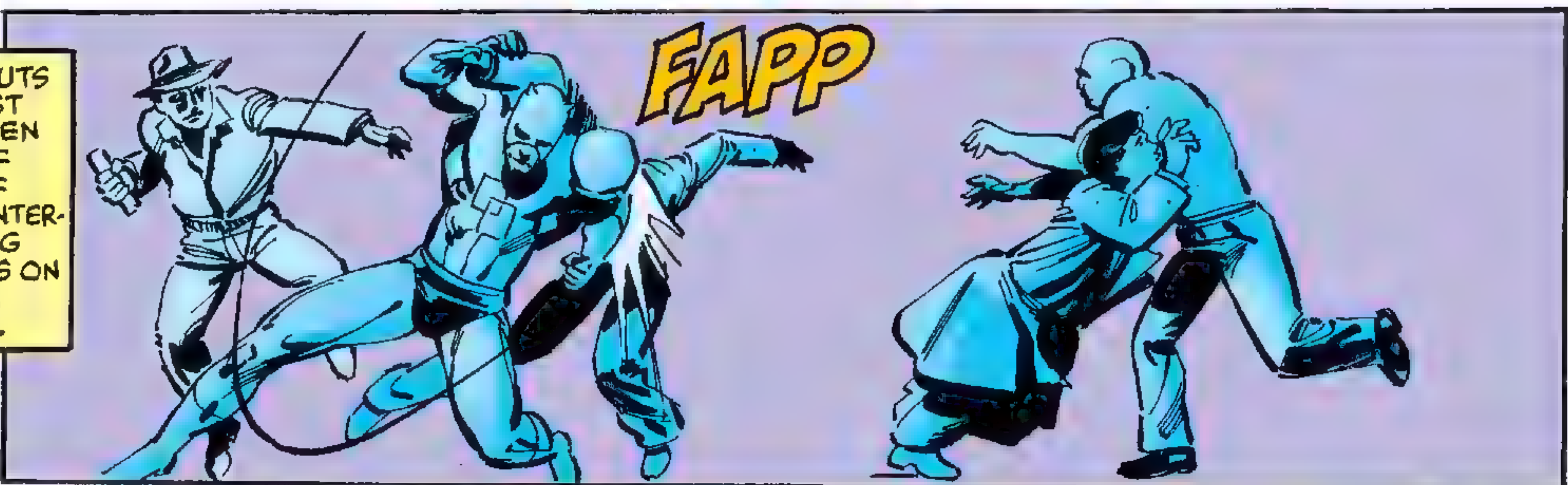


THEN I'M EVERYWHERE
AT ONCE, CUTTING
THROUGH THEM LIKE
THEY'RE A *BLIMP*'S
LUNCH LINE, STRIKING
QUICKLY, MERCILESSLY--
JUST LIKE THE OLD
DAYS...

YEAH...THE
OLD DAYS...

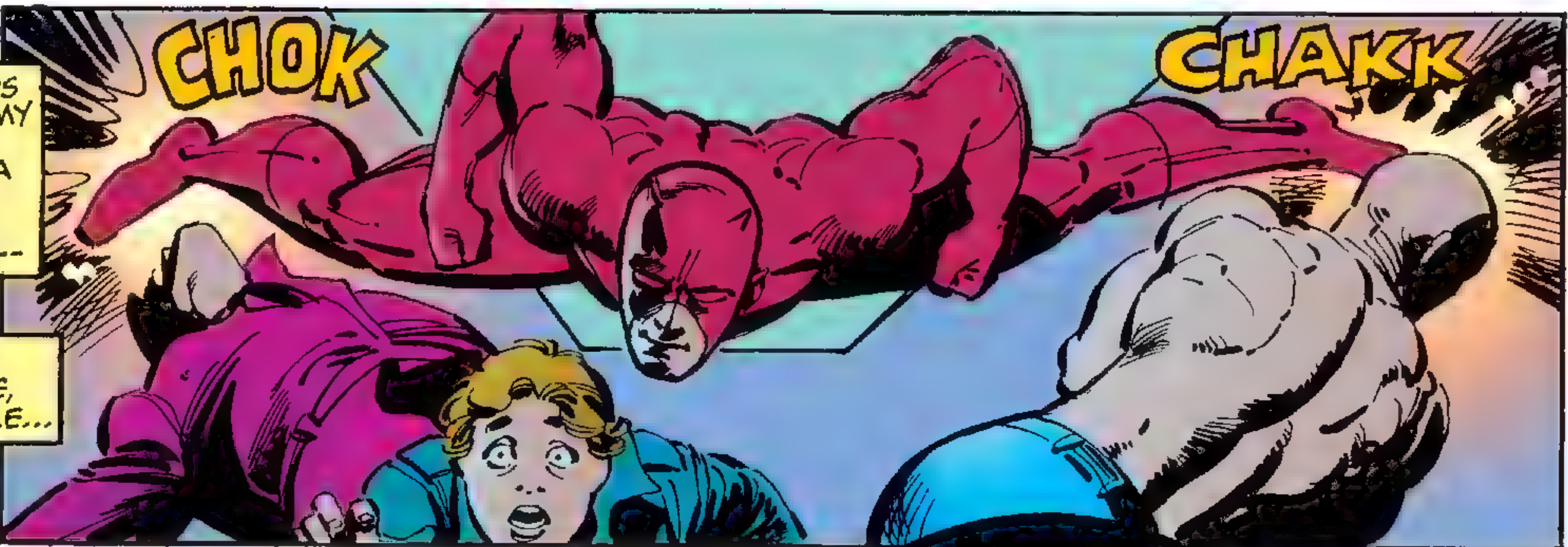


...WHEN IT WAS GUTS
NELSON UP AGAINST
PORKCHOP PETERSEN
IN THE LAST SET OF
THE LAST GAME OF
THE AKRON, OHIO INTER-
DIVISIONAL BOWLING
TOURNAMENT. I WAS ON
FIRE THEN, AND I'M
ON FIRE NOW...



THE BLOOD POUNDS
A *SYMPHONY* IN MY
VEINS. THE KILLER
INSTINCT THAT IS A
PART OF ALL MEN
SURGES THROUGH
ME LIKE *SELTZER*--

-- AND I'M
UNBEATABLE,
UNSTOPPABLE...



THE
LIGHTS!

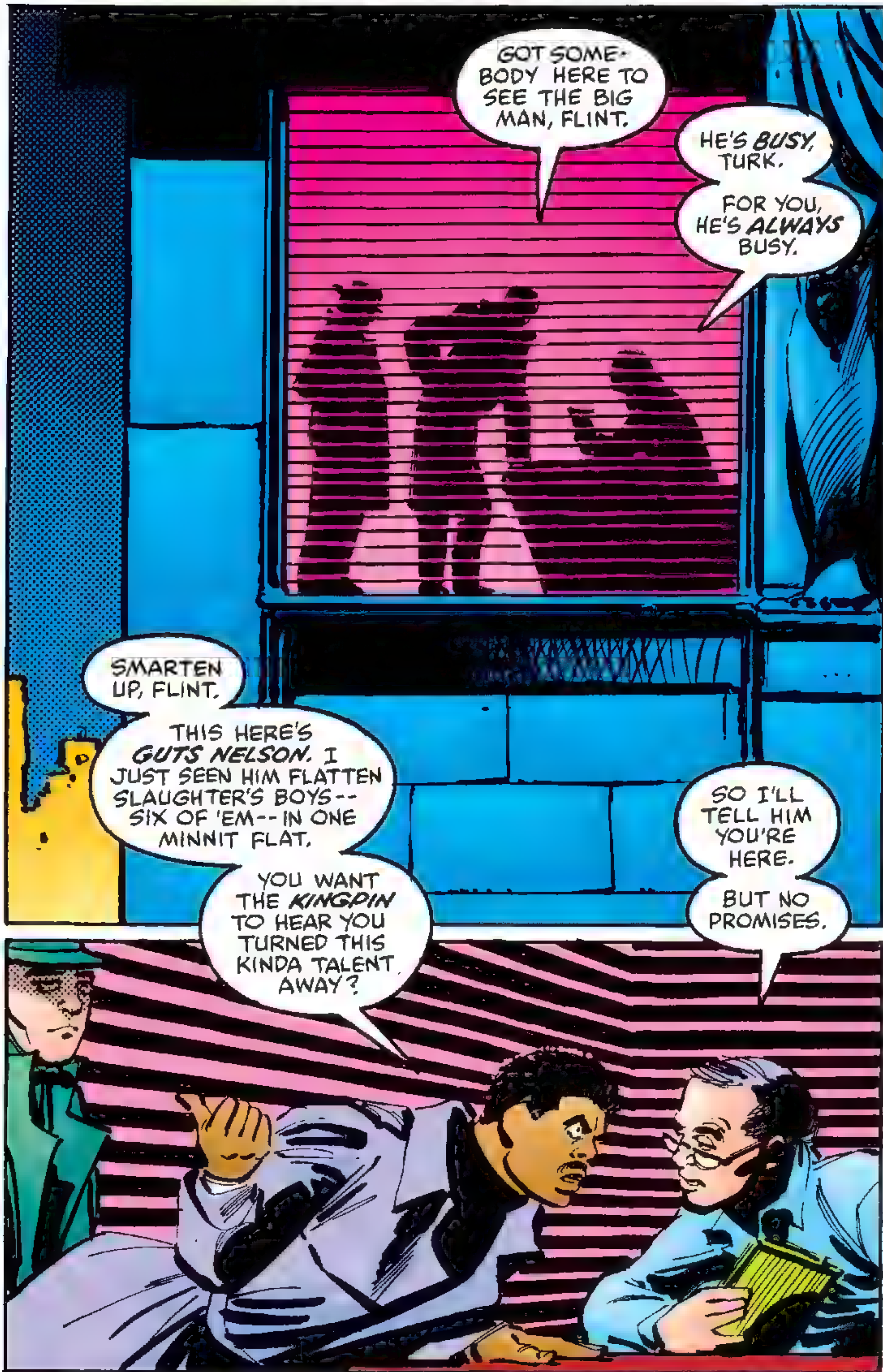
I GOT
'EM, MISTER
SLAUGHTER!
I--





FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES I THINK EVERYTHING'S OKAY. THEN TURK TAKES ME TO A MIDTOWN SKY-SCRAPER AND A LOOK AT THE PLACE MAKES ME SMELL THAT CHICKEN SOUP AGAIN. ONLY THIS THIS TIME IT'S UP PAST MY WAIST AND AT MY ELBOWS.

AND CLIMBING.



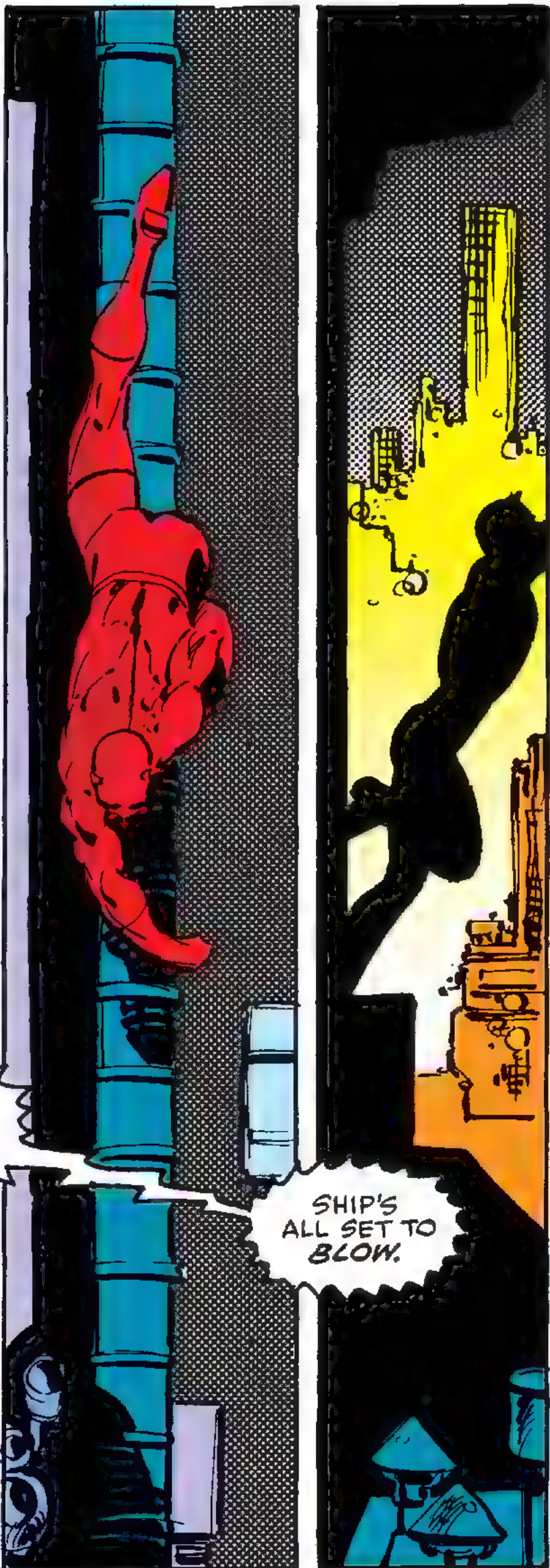
FLINT COMES BACK AND USHERS US INTO A BIG, DARK OFFICE. I SEE THE MAN THEY CALL THE KINGPIN--

--AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M *BREATHING* CHICKEN SOUP.



... GUARDS WERE NO TROUBLE, BOSS.

LOUIE'S SETTING THE CHARGES NOW.



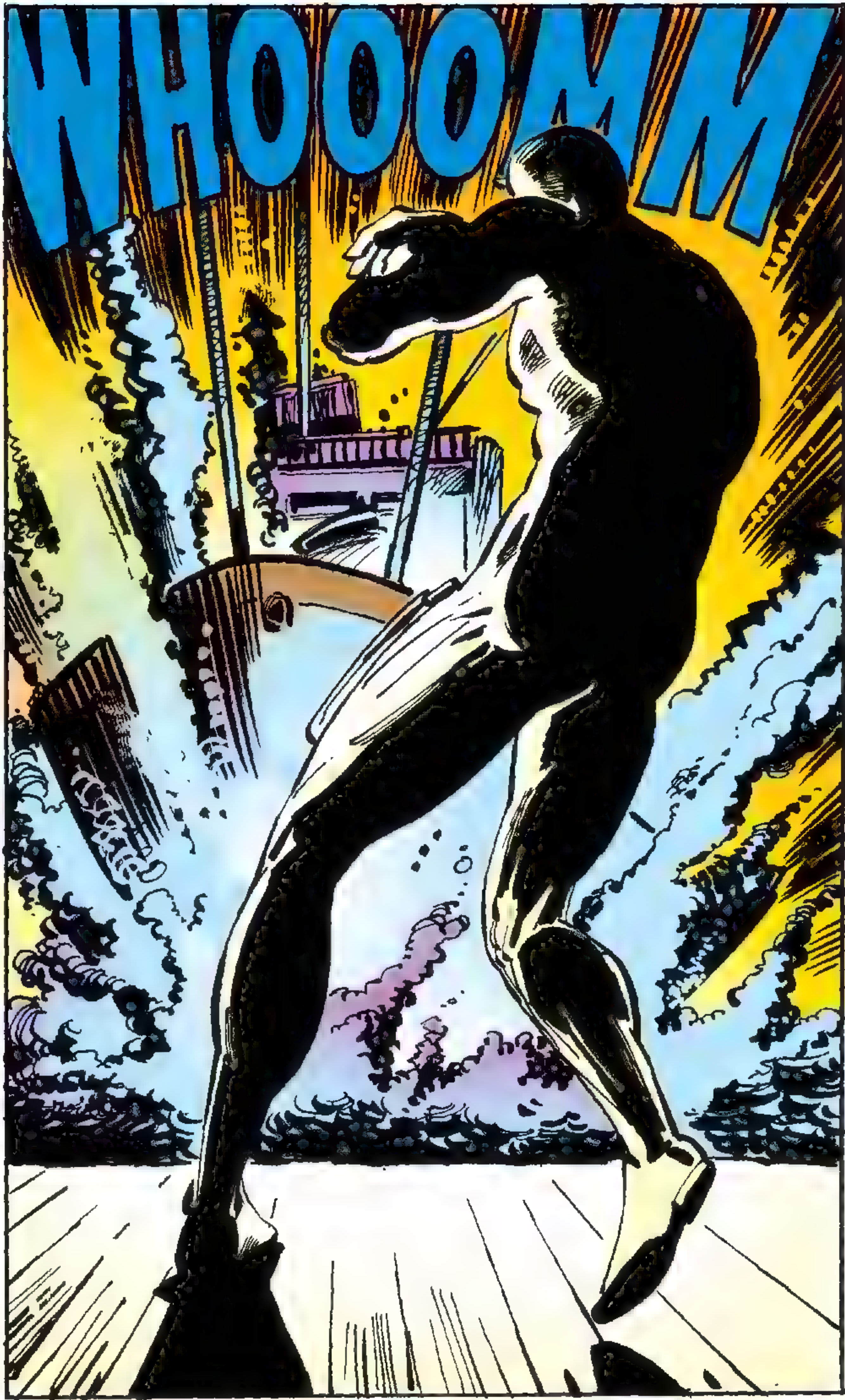
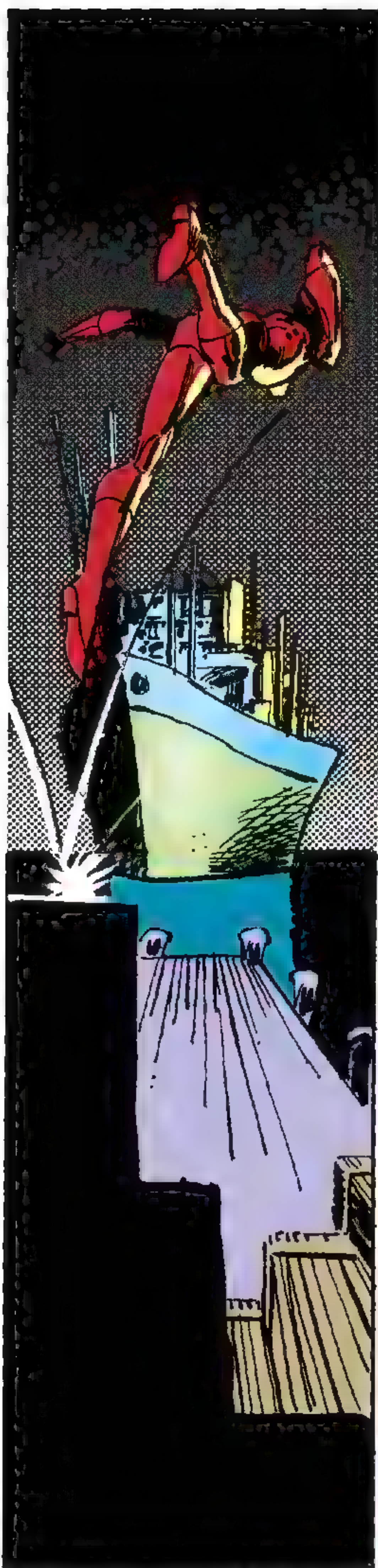
SHIP'S ALL SET TO BLOW.



STATE YOUR BUSINESS.

I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE.

UM...



BEEYOOTEFUL,
BOSS! SHE WENT UP
LIKE *FIREWORKS*!

NO SIGN OF
DAREDEVIL?

NOPE.

PROCEED AS
PLANNED.

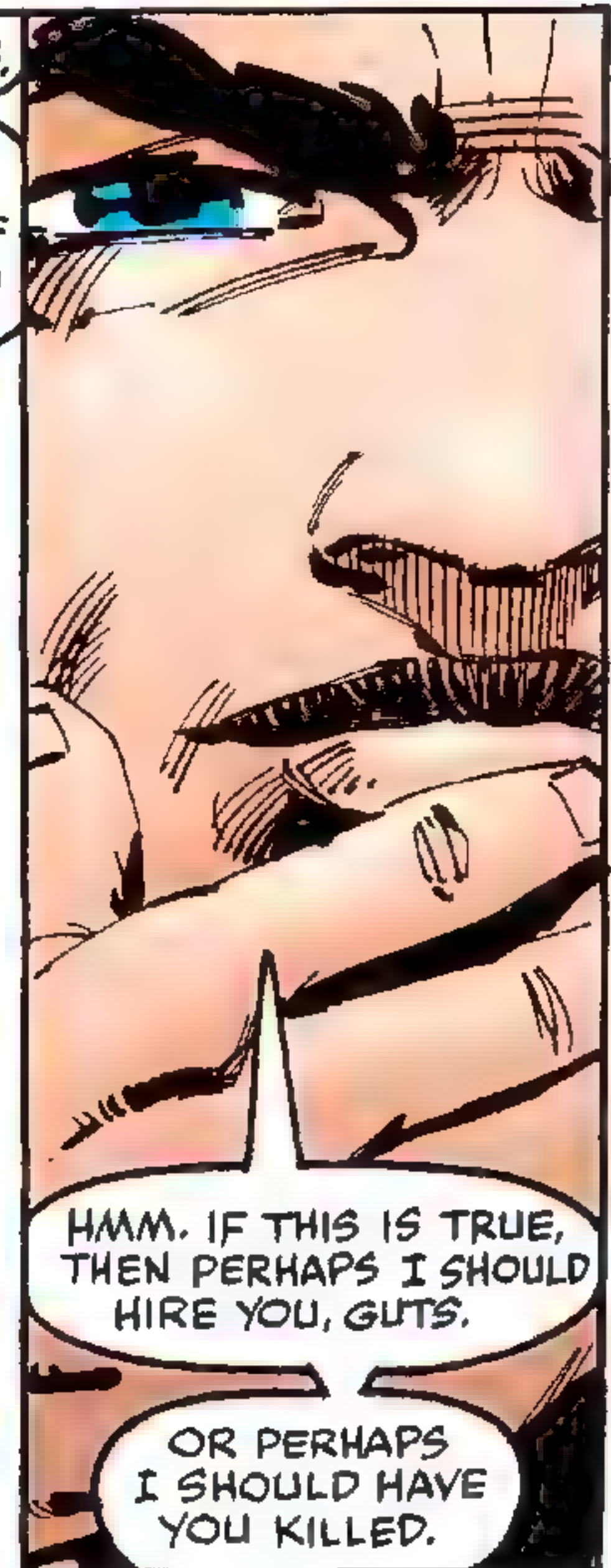
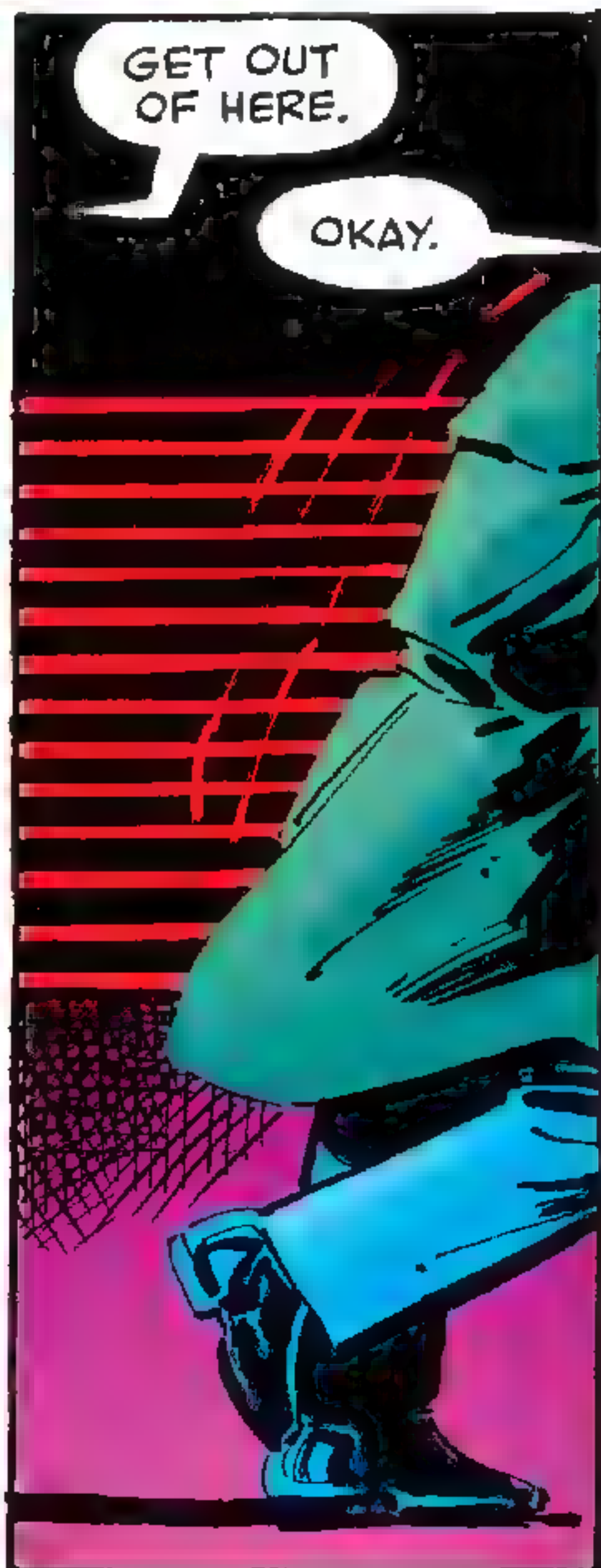
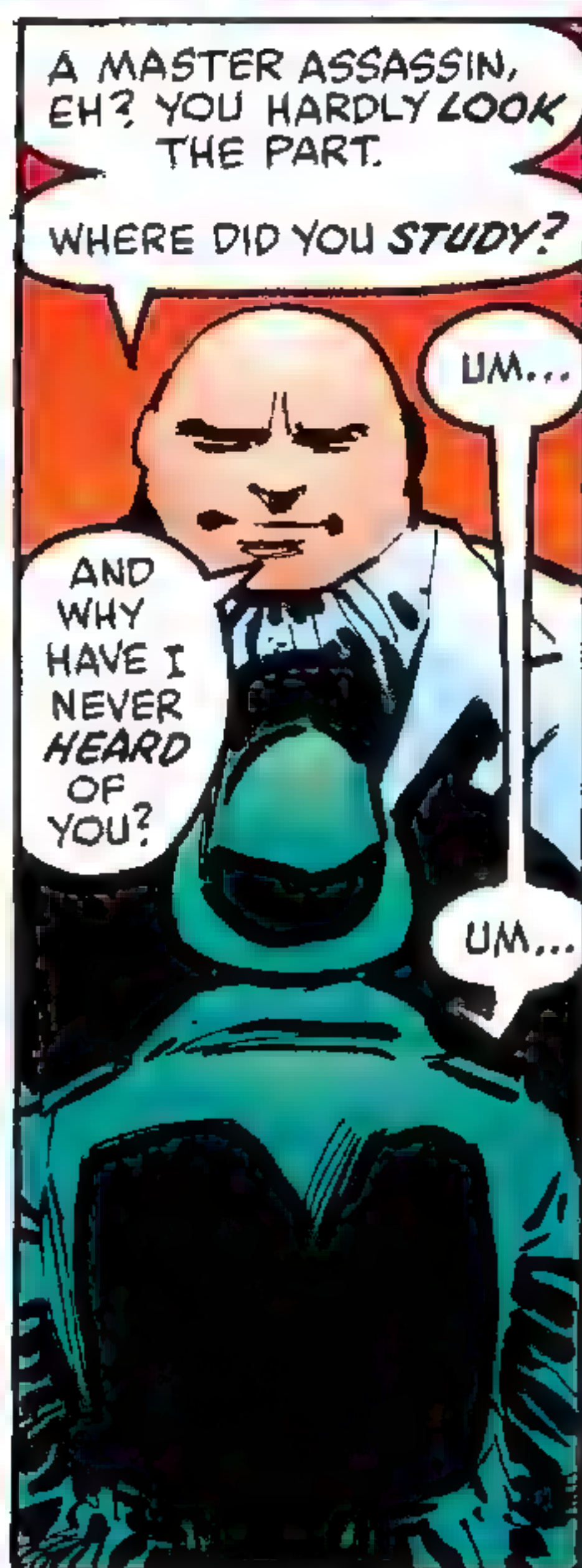
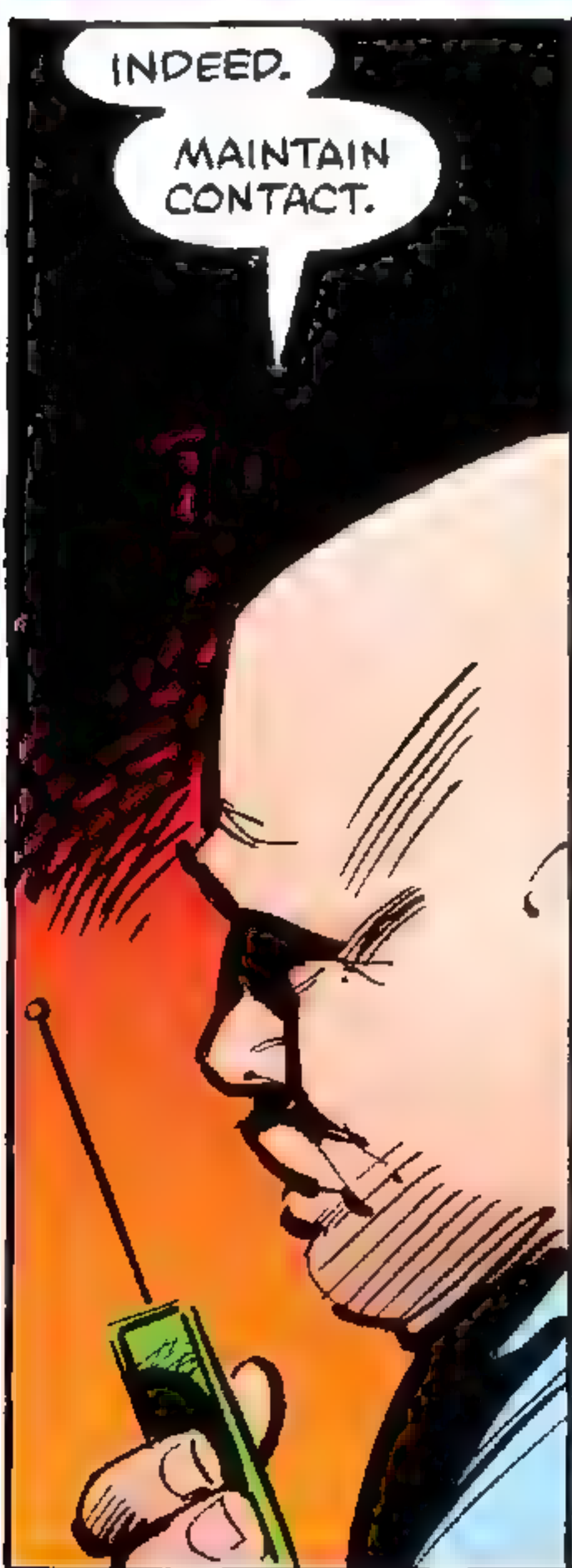
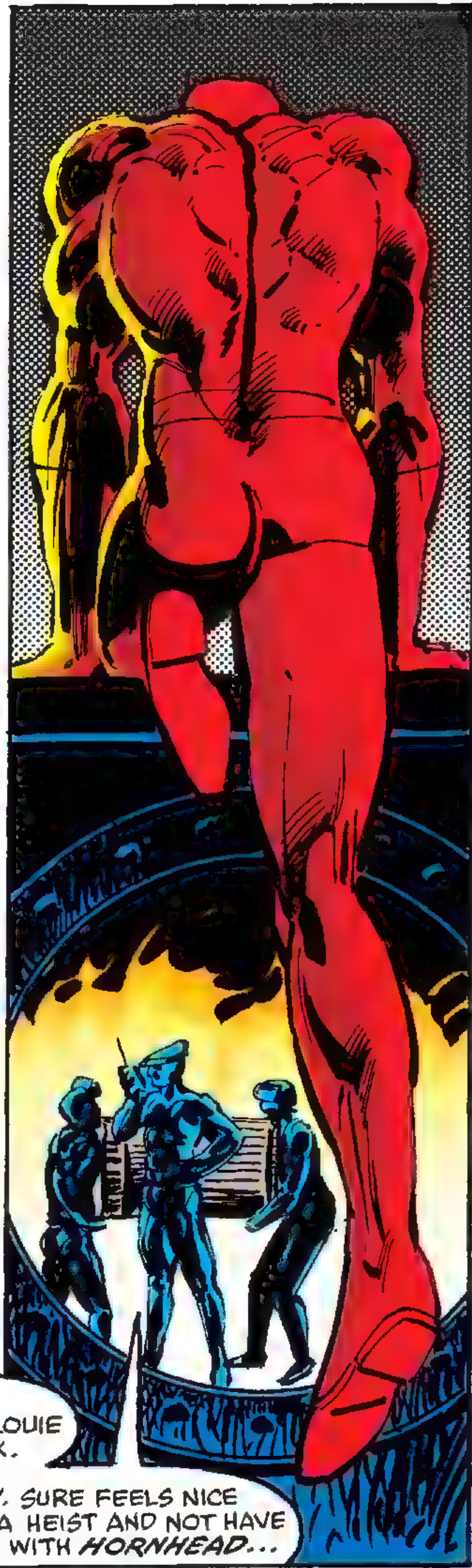
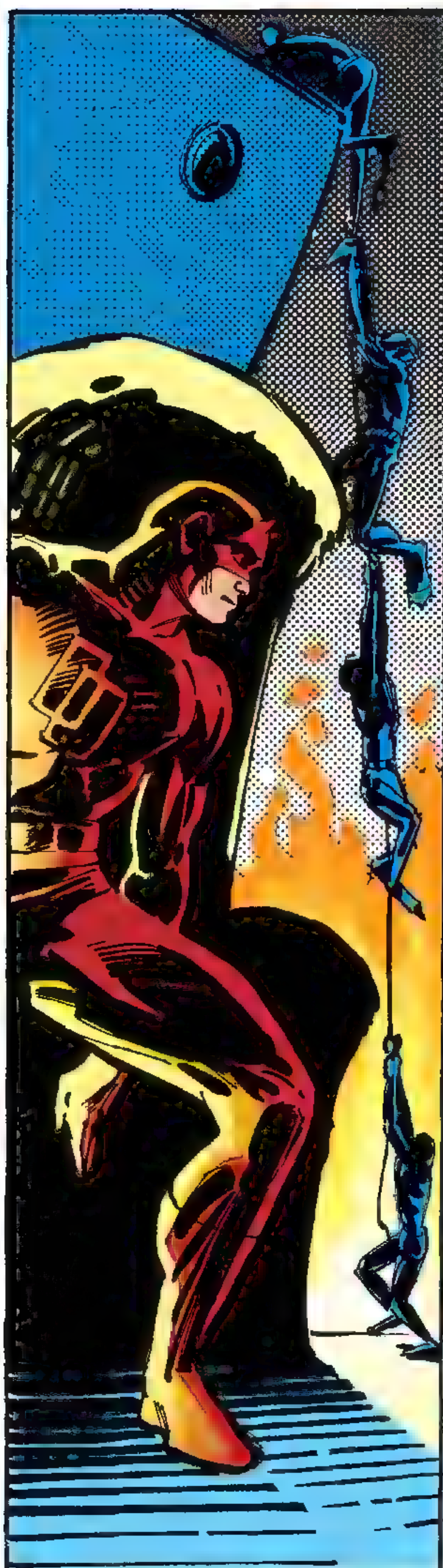
I'LL KEEP IT
SHORT, KINGPIN.

THAT WOULD
BE WISE.

YOU BEEN TAPPED
FER A TOP *HIT MAN*
EVER SINCE *BULLSEYE*
SNUFFED THAT LADY
ASSASSIN YOU WAS
USIN'-- THEN GOT
BUSTED UP *HISSELF*.

I FIGGER YER
LOOKIN' FER A
NEW MAN.

UM...



INDEED.
MAINTAIN
CONTACT.

A MASTER ASSASSIN,
EH? YOU HARDLY LOOK
THE PART.
WHERE DID YOU *STUDY*?
UM...
AND WHY
HAVE I
NEVER
HEARD
OF
YOU?
UM...

GET OUT
OF HERE.
OKAY.

JUST A *MINNIT*, BOSS.
THIS HERE'S *GUTS*
NELSON. I SEEN HIM
TAKE OUT *TWELVE* OF
SLAUGHTER'S BOYS--IN
THIRTY SECONDS FLAT!

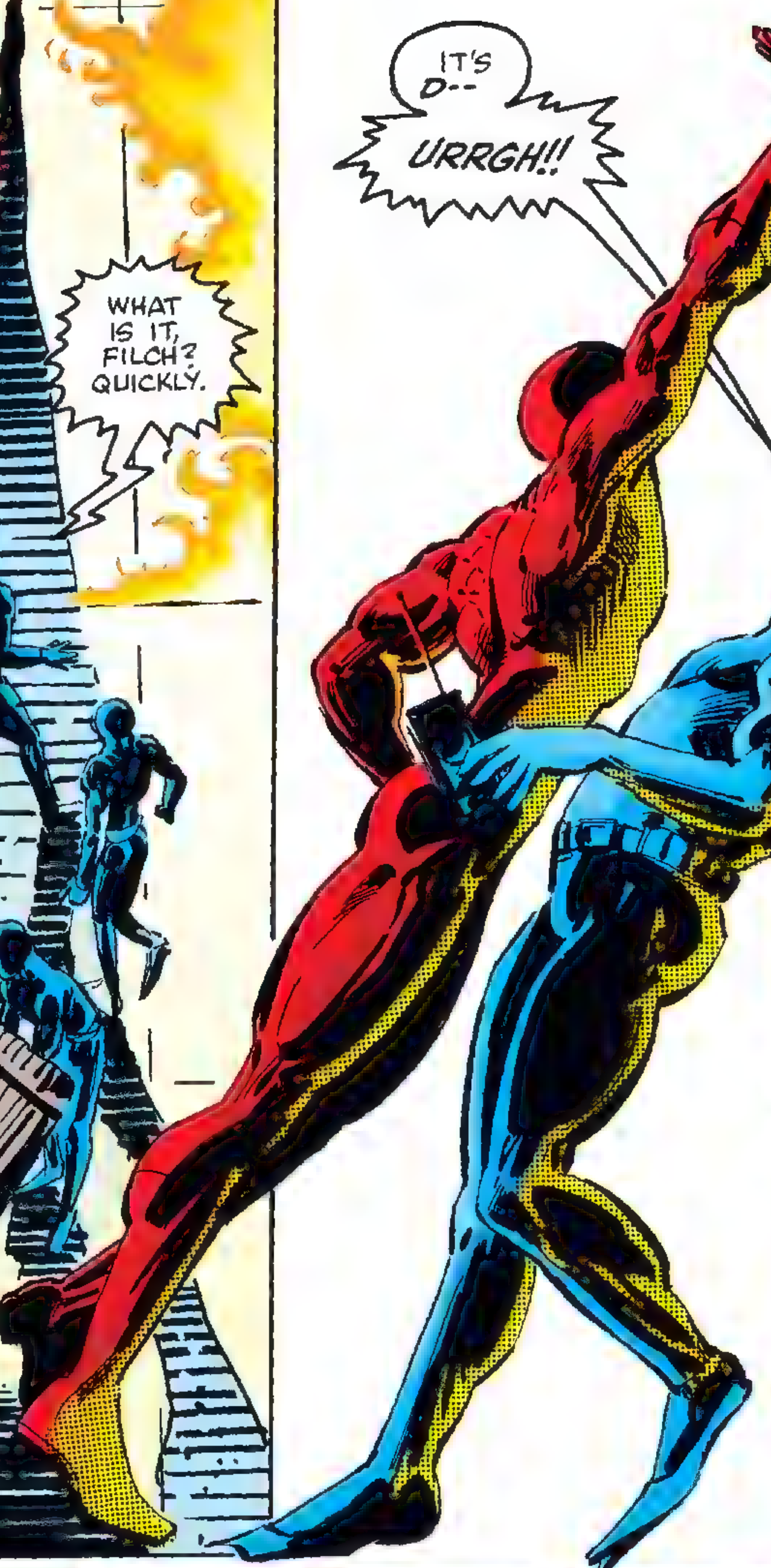
HMM. IF THIS IS TRUE,
THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD
HIRE YOU, GUTS.
OR PERHAPS
I SHOULD HAVE
YOU KILLED.



UH OH.
BOSS, I THINK WE GOT A PROBLEM, AFTER ALL...

WHAT IS IT, FILCH? QUICKLY.

IT'S D--
URRGH!!



CHOK
THWAK

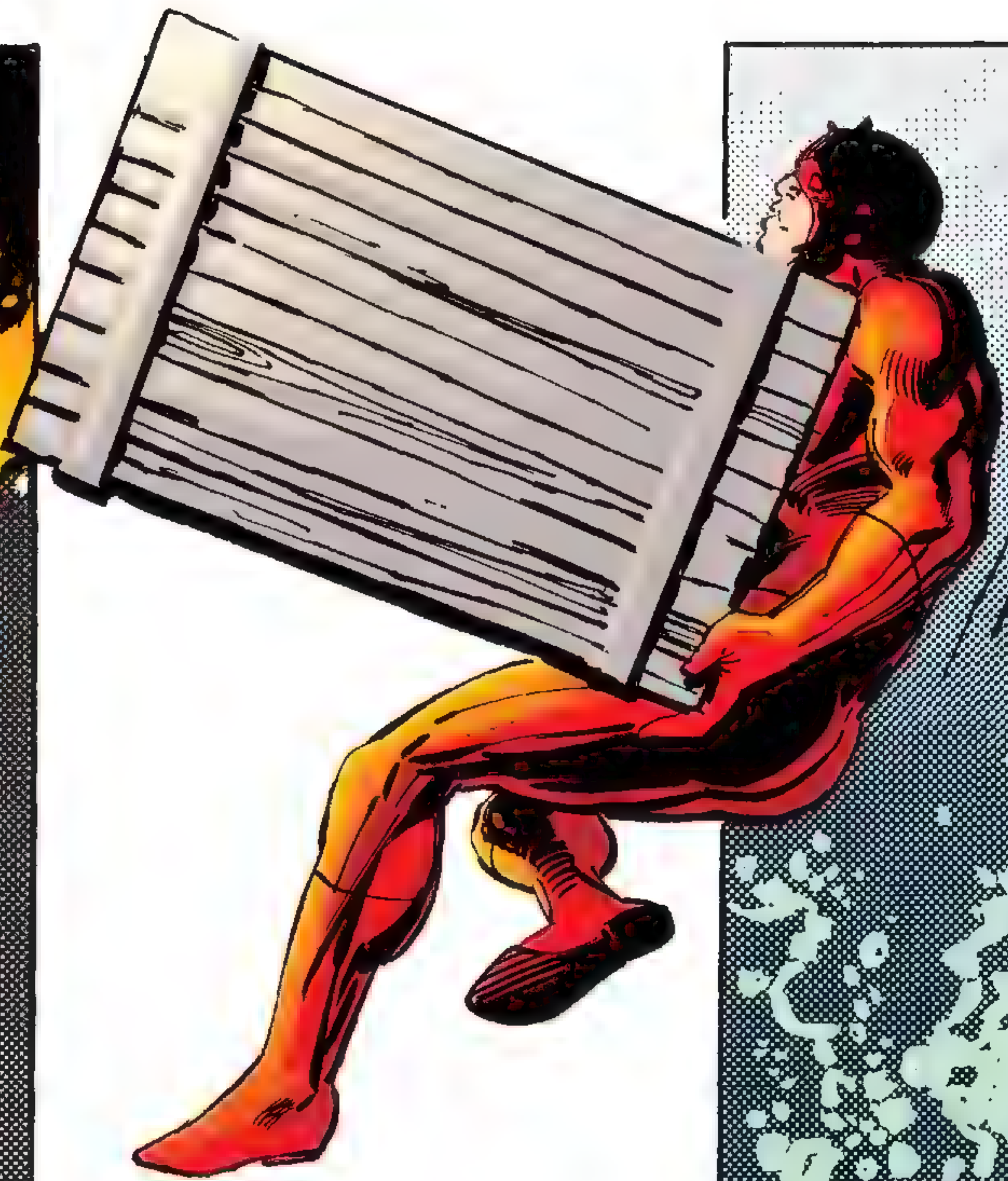
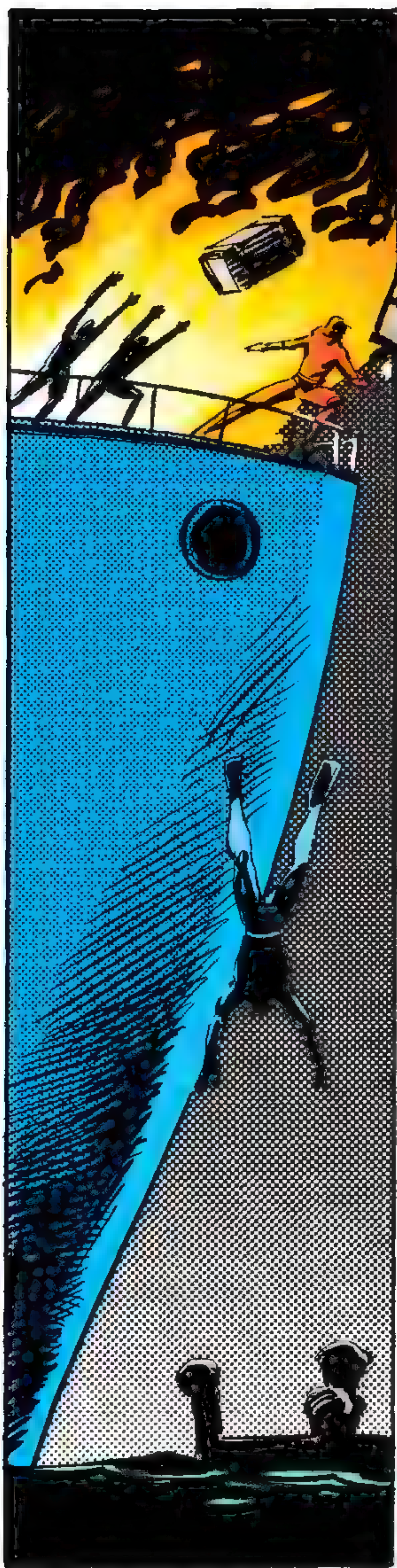
FILCH?



FILCH?



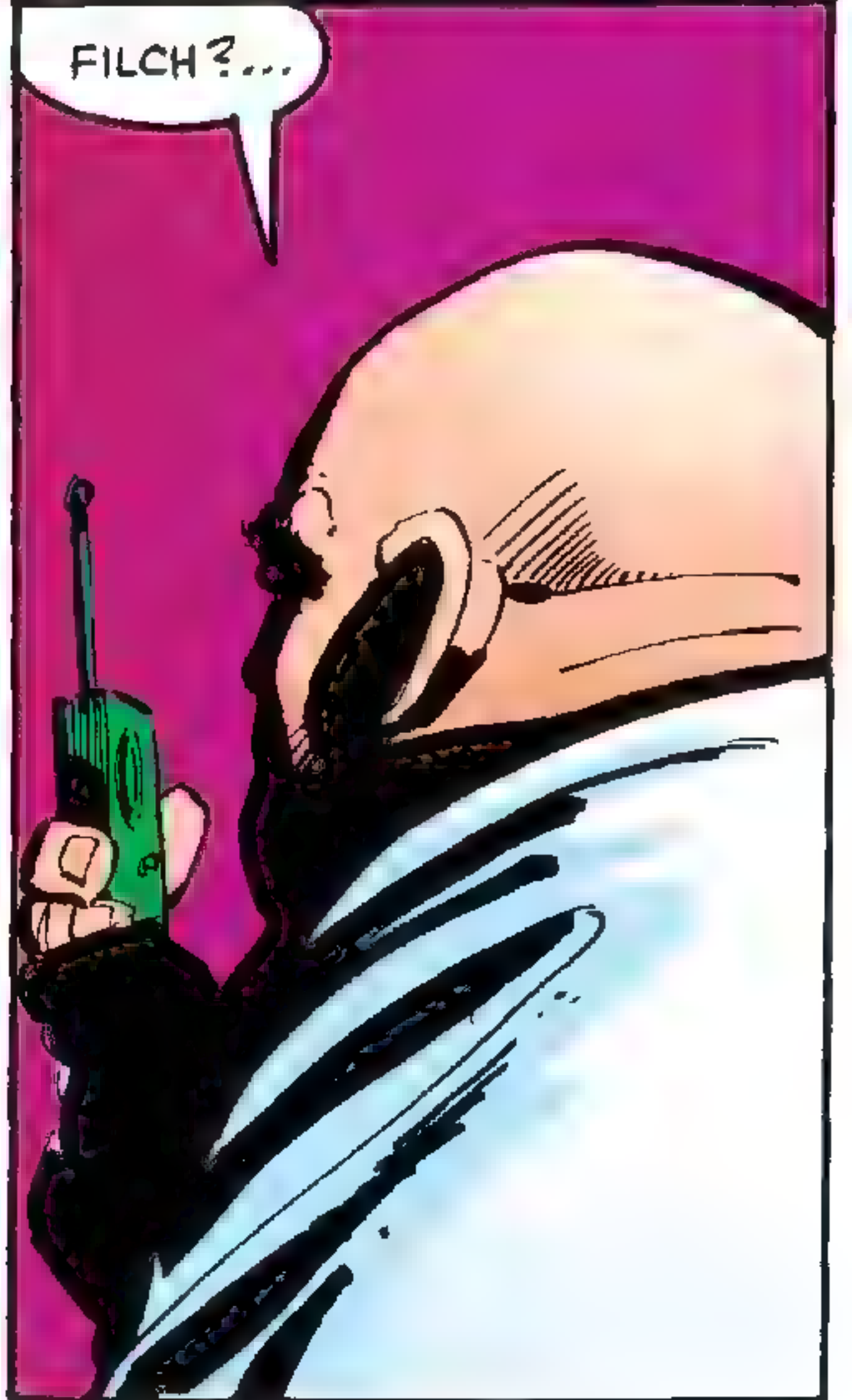
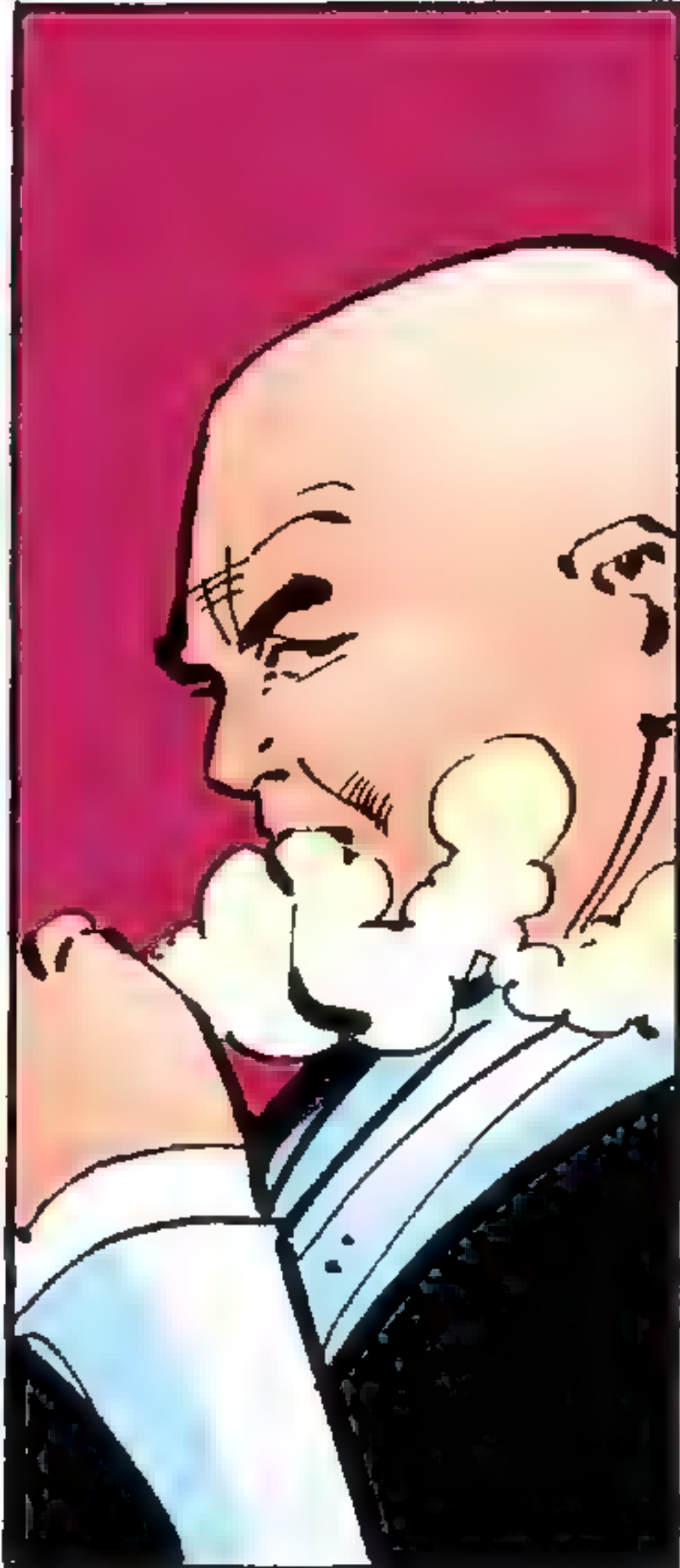
CONSIDER IT A WARNING, KINGSY.
I GOT CONNECTIONS-- POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BRING YOU DOWN, SEE?



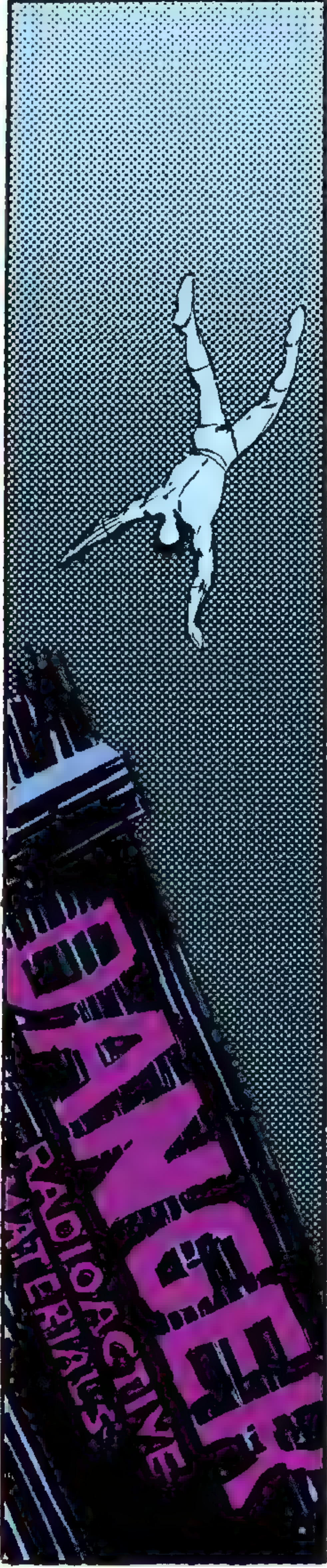
YOU'RE *BLUFFING*, GUTS. YOU HAD NO PART IN THIS. WE ARE MERELY SUFFERING A COMMUNICATIONS FAILURE OF SOME SORT.



THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR CONCERN. NONE.



FILCH?...

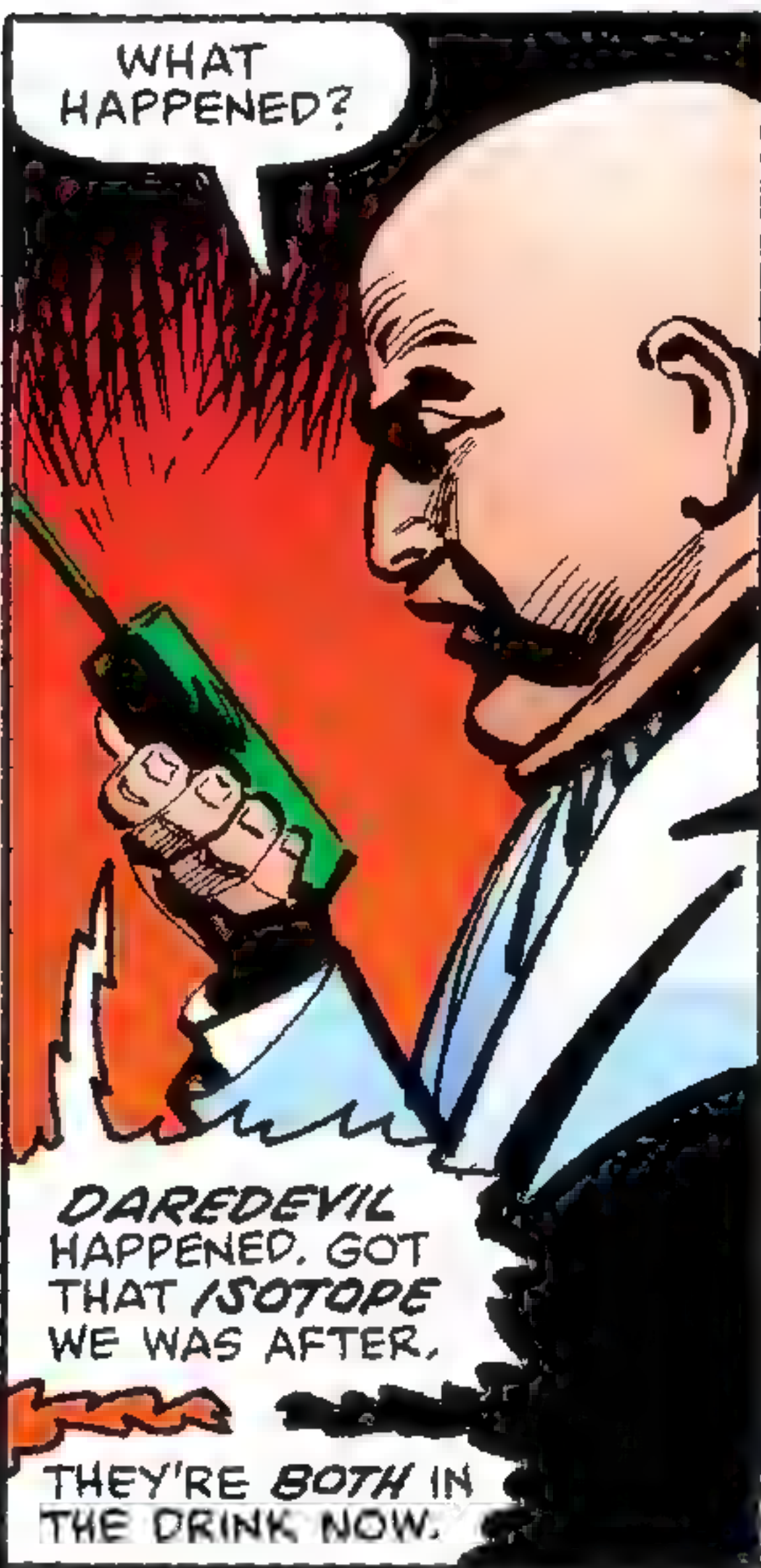




WE...UH...
HAD OURSELVES
A LITTLE
SETBACK...

BOSS,
THIS IS
GREASER.

BETTER
CHECK IN
WITH THE
BOSS.



WHAT
HAPPENED?

DAREDEVIL
HAPPENED. GOT
THAT ISOTOPE
WE WAS AFTER.

THEY'RE BOTH IN
THE DRINK NOW.



SO, IT WAS
DAREDEVIL.

HE STAYED OUT OF SIGHT
-- TRICKED ME INTO MAKING
MY MOVE. HE IS A SHREWD
OPPONENT. IN TIME I
SHALL BE REQUIRED
TO ELIMINATE HIM.

BUT HIS
DEATH
MUST
WAIT.

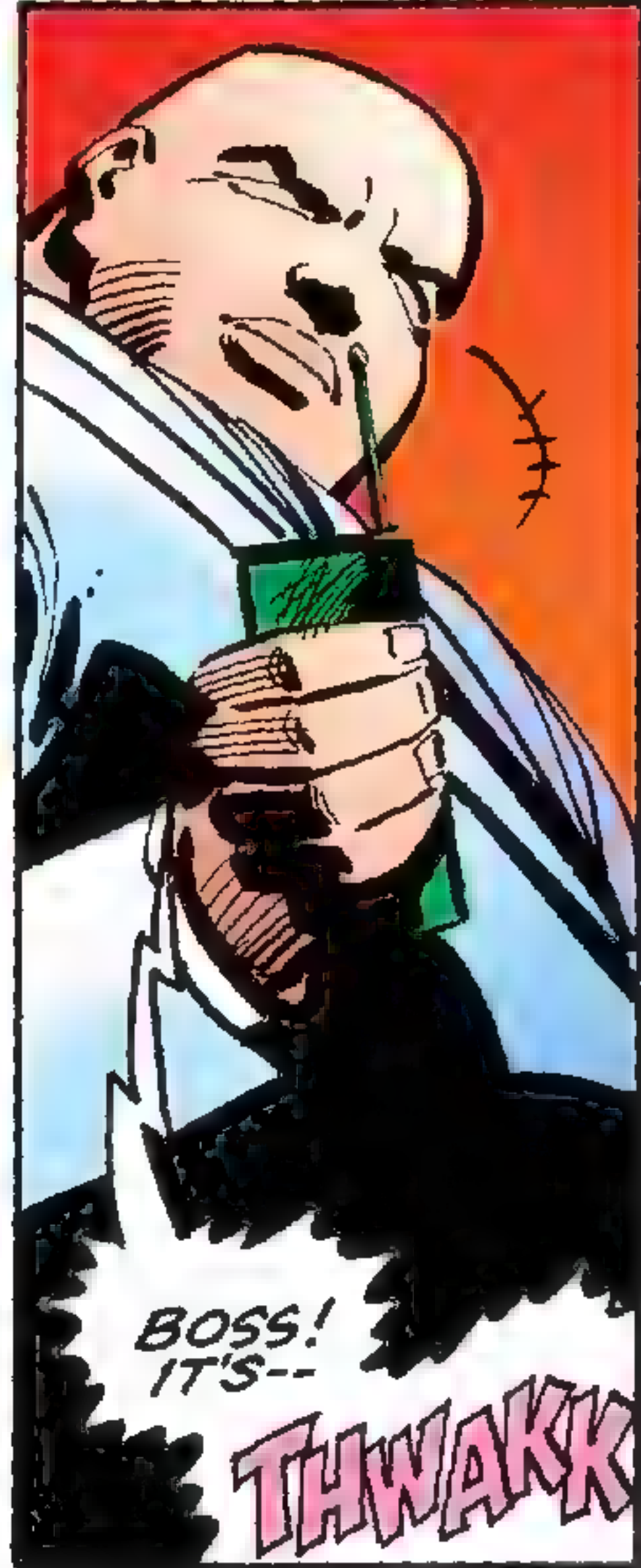


YOURS,
HOWEVER, IS
AT HAND.

BZZT

FLINT.
COME IN
HERE.

BRING
YOUR GUN.



BOSS!
IT'S--

THWAKK

